

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE SOCIALLY RICH AND THE CHINAMAN.

With a sadness which has become periodical the newspapers just now are publishing the long list of American heiresses who have surrendered their identity as Americans to become the wives of foreign noblemen in need of money. This new period of lamentation is provoked by the coming marriage of Miss Goelet of New York to the Duke of Roxburgh. The duke's suitors are now on the way over and will overlook the settlement of \$4,000,000 which is to be made on Miss Goelet. The New York Herald says that the marriage will transfer ultimately into English hands forty millions of dollars in stocks, bonds and landed property. The Herald, with a prodigality of figures, says that within twenty-five years American brides have contributed one hundred and seventy-five millions in dowries, and the wealth of Miss Goelet will raise the sum to over two hundred millions.

These matches, it will be remembered, were all love matches. The fact that the girl had immense wealth and that the nobleman was crushed down beneath an avalanche of debt, and that he usually came with an eye open to a fair financial settlement on the bride, are mere incidents. The couple has in every instance loved each other. It is true also that a few of the marriages have been unhappy. This feature of the international marriage market has been slandered. The nobleman with new coin in his pocket and the American girl with new social opportunities are too happy separately to ask or expect much mutual bliss.

No one certainly begrudges Europe the American girl. Do we begrudge Europe two hundred millions of our wealth, a wealth which in the nature of things is more or less common?

We think not. The service rendered for that two hundred millions has been beyond price. The service has been in diverting the aristocratic element of this nation into a harmless channel.

The aristocratic element has always been present in this country. Its presence gave ample manifestation in the early days of the republic. De Tocqueville, who was here in 1830, found it even at that late day. He told of the rich man in New York who was careful to shake hands with the people when he walked abroad, but who in his exclusive home did not hesitate to his intimates to despise democracy thoroughly. The controlling elements in the south preceding the war were aristocratic in their tendencies, and if the south had won in the civil war an aristocracy would have evolved. In the period since the civil war, a period of rapidly heaping fortunes, a period of the newly rich in the north, there was for a long time an absurd rivalry for social supremacy, greatly localized, but giving a national character in New York, Boston and Chicago.

But today the aristocratically inclined group was never so small in this country, never so impotent, and never so little known. Renown because of great wealth has become difficult. So many are rich that not one in a thousand Americans has ever heard the name Goelet. The rich are so vastly rich that the former absurd social rivalry, through competitive extravagance, has become isolated and exists in a very few spots which are, in the popular mind, jokes. For Newport, to the American people has become a joke. The commercial rich still have naturally a great part in our government, and with their activity carry to us a certain feeling of menace. The socially rich have no part in our government, care nothing for it, and are entirely, in governmental affairs, harmless. The American people look upon them as they look upon the Chinaman, as a sojourner who has come here to accumulate a while and carry the increment away, who may in a way disturb an economic situation to some extent, and be at times a trying annoyance, but who is in no respect and at no time a danger to this people or a hindrance to the development of the genius of democracy.

The socially rich have their foolish and empty nogginns filled with the aspirations gauged to a foreign aristocratic standard, and we all should be profoundly thankful that they have.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF DISTANCE.

In his descriptive book, "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain, who, it will be remembered, was for a long time a Mississippi river pilot, says:

"Now when I mastered the language of this water, and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a very valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too—something which would never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the poetry, the beauty had gone out of the majestic river! I still kept in mind a wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me."

He then goes on to describe the wonderful sunset. It is a beautiful word picture, and the scene must have been more beautiful than his description, but, as he relates, the minute familiarity necessary to be a successful pilot had driven out of him all possibility of realizing the beautiful in the river—the ignorance which is knowledge in its aesthetic sense.

With this as a text the Topeka Herald says: "And is it not so with everything? The enormous business, filled with the poetry of magnitude for the outside beholder, is only a mighty instrument to crush the man who essays to control it without having first spent long years of toil in mastering the intricacies of it until, in so doing, it is not only to him, but a great whirling mill into whose hopper so certain investments and from whose outlet come certain profits. To the outsider the newspaper is a mighty engine for good or evil; to the publisher it is a question of profitable investment or a losing venture, as the case may be, and the beauties of the pretty theories which others see in the newspaper are largely lost on him in the maze of intricate details with which he is concerned. To the observer a locomotive is a great thrilling, leaping iron horse, tireless, mighty, relentless in the magnitude of its power and yielding only to the master hand of its engineer, but to the engineer—a great school of imaginative fiction writers to the contrary notwithstanding—it is so many bolts and nuts, shafts and wheels, steam gauges and levers and rods. It is the source from which comes his bread and butter. One in a thousand may feel the affection for his iron horse which the kid glove novelists have represented as a common attribute of all engineers, but the nine hundred and ninety-nine will leave not only an engine but the whole system for a ten per cent raise in wages. And nobody can blame these people for their view of their own life. The bar is bread

and butter to the lawyer; the pulpit to the minister; the school room to the teacher. The writer does not pretend to think that there really is nothing higher in these various lines than bread and butter, nor that those engaged in them do not know these higher sides to them, but the aesthetic eye can not, by a prime law of nature, take precedence over the material things of life to those whose welfare depends on them. Familiarity does not breed contempt, save for that which is contemptible, but familiarity does prove the converse of the proposition that distance lends enchantment."

ORIGINAL TYPES.

There will be some very interesting sights at the St. Louis exposition, especially in the ethnological and anthropological line. People often wonder how the original Greeks and Romans looked, and how the aboriginal Indians whom Columbus found appeared. They would at least like to have known the aborigines of the Louisiana Purchase times.

Dr. W. G. McGee, who has charge of this line of research, is already arranging to exhibit all the most ancient types of men. Arrangements have been practically completed for displaying family groups of pigmies and giants, i. e., the smallest and largest representatives of mankind. In order to illustrate development in the arts it is designed also to exhibit family groups of people living in the stone age, others just at the beginning of metal working, others engaged in primitive pottery making, basket weaving, etc.

In the neighborhood of Thessaly there are still living the direct descendants of the warlike Romans who remained in Greece after the battle of Pharsalia. These people are of the pure ancient Roman type, and in spite of years of Turkish oppression they have never mixed with either Greeks or Turks.

To match these there is another type which are the only living representatives of the pure Greek of classic days, now only found among the Sphakiotas in the mountains of Crete, or in rare instances on the island of Corfu, or the more remote islands of the Greek archipelago. These Greeks have the head and profile of the Hermes of Praxiteles, large blue-gray eyes, golden hair, and are giants in stature.

The purest lines of Indians will also be procured, so that we may see the ancient world in miniature.

And when all these types are gathered we may well ask ourselves whether the essential instincts of man have changed since the stone age, is not man the same animal?

THE SCHOOL MAP.

Some of the school reformers in the east are trying to persuade the teachers that wall maps are fallacious and do not convey to the mind of the child the right idea of the geography of his state or country. They are recommending the plan of drawing a map with chalk on the floor and writing the names of cities, counties and so on in their proper places, being careful to conform to the points of the compass on the map to the actual situation. Then they say the child would understand that the picture was natural and that the earth is a horizontal plane and not a section on a vertical wall. But the children are hardly such idiots. If they were, it would be simpler to spread the map on the floor with its north side conforming to the north side of the room, and then return it to the wall. If they have to be so very punctilious the floor map is still entirely misleading as it implies that the earth's surface is a plane. The only true way would be to return to the globe method of teaching geography, and that is used probably sufficiently in all the public schools to impress the idea of sphericity upon the average child's mind. So far as the grown people can remember, the impressions of childhood they were never to the effect that the state of Nebraska or the continent of North America stood up vertically on edge, because the map they sometimes consulted was hung up on the wall and not spread out horizontally on the floor, says the Lincoln Journal. We must not run the kindergarten idea into the ground but leave something for the imagination and judgment of the child to do in the premises. For all practical purposes the township, the county and the state are planes and pictures of them hung up, are as good as if they were spread flat, to almost any schoolboy. But the map of the world as represented by the ordinary school globe rectifies whatever error there may be in that mode of representation. Where is the child with normal brains that fails to understand it?

SCHEME FOR A BIG CANAL.

Whether the Agrarian element in the Prussian landtag will again oppose successfully Emperor William's plan for a great interior waterway connecting the Rhine, the Weser and the Elbe, at an expense of at least \$60,000,000, remains to be seen, says the New York Evening Post. The Prussian cabinet has determined to present the scheme once more. The opposition appears to come from a similar source and to be based upon the same arguments as those used by the enemies of the Erie, the Oswego and the Champlain canals in New York state. The Prussian farmers are afraid that the canal will cost too much and will not benefit them when it is completed. The government formerly acceded to this view to the extent of offering large tariff concessions to the Agrarian interests in return for the sanction of the canal project. The concessions were accepted, but the favorable vote was not forthcoming. The plan persists, however, and may meet better fortune. With projects of this magnitude under careful consideration abroad, the assertion that interior waterways are obsolete is additionally absurd.

Our missionaries in Bulgaria might better come home. It is suspected that in order to get the intervention of the United States the Bulgarians are contemplating an attack on American missionaries.

There is snow in North Dakota and cool weather here. These circumstances together with a careful study of the almanac leads to the belief that there isn't going to be any autumn this year.

The students at Bucharest made a hostile demonstration in front of the Turkish mission. Why don't the students get guns and go out for Macedonia? Hostile demonstrations are cheap.

If Olney should be nominated for president by the Democrats, the old British lion's tail would feel a familiar twist during the campaign.

The mechanic who rigged up a paper airplane, put two dummies in it and sent it over Indianapolis Sunday is a humorist.

Turkey is not only against free speech but it warns the Macedonians against the dangers of free listening.

The political world of America is mightily little concerned with questions of social etiquette.

Foolishly Bulgaria is working herself up to the idea that it is her job to lick Turkey.

The corn belts in Illinois and Iowa are now going up against the early frost.

We do hope that Sir Thomas will feel all right about it.

THE PIKERS' LAMENT.

"Wish to the Lord the bakers would go on a strike and stay struck," declared Farmer Decker yesterday. "Then we wouldn't have to eat bakers' bread."

If John Hay wants a MAN OF HIS SIZE, why not write a childlike letter to John Bull about driving a hundred Jews from Cardiff, Wales?

Dear cousin:

Jonny jenson doant pla with me no more ther Dog kiled my Cat an some ludie shot the Dog yur Sammie

Kansas City Journal: The following Greek hymn contains some excellent thoughts on death. The style and rhyme in the original will undoubtedly be so pleasing to the public that we transcribe the little poem without translating it.

ELKY.
Cvnt elarane
Cy hekviet omes.
Ven payfeker evvny
Kerkekan vyvres.
Cv'na v'peshvkvva
Ekvn ofv minv.
Fekpakt wakiepvvet on
Cevs on hockkvres.
Fokkvvt hakofv
Myn akvkvkvas.
Ekvnt nekvrano vn
Cevs v'nohkvkvas.
Vahopeky hekvvt
Avvovskvres.
Mestv on yekve ofvn
Paktis cevare.

YOU can save a cool bill by bringing your family down in front of the Eagle office where the pavement repairing gang have a nice, warm fire.

A man yesterday inquired at the Eagle office what would be the difference in cost between repairing the asphalt on Douglas avenue on the south side of the street and re-paving the entire side.

The Santa Fe fireman who rescued the traveling man's pocketbook containing \$50 from the pickpocket at the depot Sunday evening desires to thank that gentleman through the columns of the Eagle for his liberal reward.

THE SPRINKLING CART was watering the new piece of asphalt on the south side of Douglas avenue yesterday before the stuff had gotten cold. THIS IS A FACT.

SEVERAL women in the north part of the city have completely solved the hired girl question. They are doing their own work.

Well, ANYWAY we are glad to know that Sir Thomas can do something besides smile.

IT'S a shame to endanger the life of a good racing animal by running an automobile on the same track with it.

Thomas probably won't want to play in our yard any more.

DID YOU EVER READ VICTOR HUGO'S "THE MAN WHO LAUGHED"? He said he had such races in those days, but they had some Sir Thomases, it seems.

THOSE INDIANAPOLIS PEOPLE who SAW THE AIRSHIP MUST HAVE HAD A RIPE CASE OF THE JIMMIES.

That lead COMBINE is going to put a great many shivers out of business. Anybody would be ashamed to be seen with a rock for a sinker on his line these good times.

Sam Parks had better go to jail and save New York the expense of buying more dockets to record the indictments against him in.

AND SISTER GUESSED.
"Father gone?"
"An hour ago, stupid. Why?"
"Nothing."
Kate poured her brother's coffee.
"George?"
"Well?"
"Won't I do?"
"Do?"
"Yes; can't you tell me?"
"Tell you what?"
"What you're going to tell father."
George broke a roll quickly, looked hard at his sister, and dropped his gaze to his plate.

"The butter's at your elbow, George."
"Bother the butter!" He took three bites at his roll.

"What a funny brother!"
"Grumpy-grumpy!"
"What did you say, George?"
"Nothing."
His face flushed. Her eyes sparkled.

"You're crying, George. Have you had any trouble? Have you been out late at night and—lost anything—in the hall, for instance?"

"Who got up first this morning?" he demanded.

"Why do you ask?"
"Never mind. I want to know."
"Let me fill your cup, George."
"No!"

"Is she very pretty?" Kate laughed.
"Who?" His cheeks turned redder than the roses in the window.

"Won't you tell me about her, George? Her hair, her eyes, her nose, her—then I'll tell you about mine."
George collapsed in his chair.

"Where is it?" he said.
"Lift the tablecloth, there at the corner, George."
He clutched the linen. A white kid glove lay underneath.

"What are you laughing at?" he growled, stuffing the glove into his pocket. For answer she went around to his side of the table and kissed him.—Newark News.

DR. BURTON ON THE VALUE OF A FURGE.
"The Lacedaemonians were once in counsel about state matters, a debauched fellow spoke excellent well, and to the purpose, his speech was generally approved, a grave senator stood up, and by all means would have it repeated, though good, because dehauched senator pessimo mood, it had no better an author, let some good man relate the same, and then it should pass. This counsel was embraced, factum est, and it was registered forthwith."

A HAMMOCK EPIPODE.
His arm around her taper waist,
Softly, unawares, had stolen.
While from her lips sweet bliss he'd taste,
He caught her in his arms, and then
Tears that they sat and dreamed of love,
Without a thought of harm or wee,
For them was made the Heaven above
And all the beautiful earth below.
A man who lived at the road beside
Had managed to break from his pen,
And soon those lovers true he spied,
Slowly swinging, beckoning him—then—
Tears more than mortal sheen could bear,
Those lovers felt a dreadful shock
And through the air did wildly tear—
While swiftly did that hammock rock.
M. M. L.

Moral: Always locate your hammock against a high stone wall.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

A blacksmith at Cordell has failed.

Over 300 students enrolled in the Pond Creek schools the first day.

Representative Nesbitt of Cleveland county, is the father of nineteen children.

The membership of the Methodist church at Okarche is growing. It amounts to about one hundred now.

Ponca City churches are commending the city council. The latter are taking steps to suppress gambling.

A dance was held in the new undertaking establishment at Cestos last week. It wasn't a spirit affair, either.

W. O. Riley brought in the first bale of cotton to Hobart. Besides the premiums, he got 12½ cents a pound for it.

A carnival is on at Enid. That a broncho busting performance is one of the novel features will surprise most easterners.

A Knights of Pythias lodge is to be organized at Cordell, in Washita county. J. E. Shansfelt is making the arrangements.

A big camping trip is to be held near Cordell during the first week of October for the benefit of the Cheyennes and Arapahos.

Kiowa county is said to have furnished the best display of all for the exhibit car. McNabb, who is in charge of the car, has said as much.

A divorce case in the court at Pond Creek is Dilly vs. Dilly. No doubt there's a Dilly in the case, but he isn't mentioned in the petition.

Three cases against Sol Temple in the district court have been stricken from the docket. The latch string can now be hung out for Sol by the jailer.

Ponca City furnishes the greatest sensation yet. A Salubrious Army woman was assaulted Saturday by another feminine creature during services on the street.

A wagon load of fish was brought into Weld last week. The editor of the Sentinel couldn't find a hook mark in their gills and he wants the game warden to investigate.

The lynching question has been solved by Ferguson citizens. A man was caught in a neighbor's hen house the other night and the mob hanged him high in the air, but by the waist.

Dennis Flynn could not have brought news that would have been more welcome to Oklahoma than that Mrs. Flynn is improving, unless it would have been the admittance of Oklahoma to statehood.

Tom Willis, a representative who materially aided in getting the Alva normal bill through in '93, was in Alva the other day. It was the first time he had ever seen the school that he worked so hard for.

Cestos Register: We wish to say to all grand jurors at the coming session of the district court, be careful and do not return an indictment based upon clamorous testimony. It is no fun to be hauled about by strapping officials.

Enid Eagle on Red Band band: The band is composed of sixteen pieces and two drum majors. The majors are Holm—the face Becker and the other—Baldock. The rest of the band is as follows: Medicine Man Ramsey, Rain-in-face Cash Whitney, Pale-face Curtis, Big-little chief Tate, Mad Wolf John Whitney, Little Wolf Hilmari, Sackie-a-phome Haggood, Blow-horn Murray, Eagle-feather Purcell, A-fraid-of-his-shadow McQuillan, Standing-Bird Dyer, Little-Medicine Man McKranks, Little-woods Deagrove, Crazy-Snake Montgomery, Never-give-up Rogers and Lone-Wolf Spraim.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The photographers will be advertising for Christmas business next.

The Brown County World declares that frost will hurt the corn if it comes early.

Sam Forsha is a delegate to the national irrigation convention. The choice was a good one.

The curfew will now pale into insignificance in the small boy's estimation beside the tardy bell.

There is to be a Populist conference at Topeka this week. And now laugh, says the Hutchinson News.

The Barton salt plant is to be rebuilt at Hutchinson. The debris of the recent fire is being cleared away.

The eastern counties are advising that the way to get back at the coal trust is to move into the gas belt.

School attendance all over the state has increased. And the truncheon law hasn't commenced to operate yet, either.

If the census of Kansas was taken right now, it would be found very much depleted. The milliners and dressmakers are all back east.

Dr. W. P. Rothrock, of Floral, Cowley county, is dead. He was an American citizen of that county for twenty-six years.

There is to be a swap social at Wellington tonight. If pulled off skillfully, this should relieve the courts of a good many divorce cases.

S. B. Dornblaser has been appointed manager for the Armour Packing company at Winfield. He succeeds A. S. Kinnimonth.

A chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will be organized at Salina. Some attention will now be given to ancestors.

Arkansas City's fire department went down to Perry yesterday. This is a time that will decide whether Arkansas City is lucky or not.

Several plate-glass windows were cut Sunday night by unknown parties at Winfield. The same malicious deed was done at Wichita recently.

A can of tomatoes exploded the other day at Hiawatha, badly burning the woman who was canning the fruit. This is indeed a strenuous age.

The Wellington News declares that Christy is playing insane. It says the coarseness of his work shows it to be done by a man with brains.

When Christy threw a fit for the juryman, he was immediately "hogtied." Inquiry at the stock yards yesterday failed to elicit any explanation of this style of tie.

A war at this time would be a good thing if for no other reason than to keep Americans in practice. Monday an Arkansas City man let a gun go off while unloading it.

There are four automobiles in Kinsley, more than an average per capita for the state. It is estimated that the per capita will be increased about 50 per cent unless the machines prove different from those used on the track back east.

Port Scott Monitor: Now that Congressmen Porter and Murdock have receded into the background, it is not surprising that it is about equally certain that in the respect at least his conduct will be very conspicuous in the future. The man who can make his second rank in the Senate of Pythias without learning a valuable lesson, is yet to be discovered and identified.

Anthony Republican: A brisk and energetic middle-aged lady from Tennessee came to Anthony a few weeks since expecting to locate permanently as housekeeper, home-maker, and laundry-woman of a well-to-do widower, but for some unknown reason went back with her trunk of wedding finery, packed to bursting, unpacked. And the couple haven't settled yet whether she failed to come up to plans and specifications or whether she didn't.

Liberal News: Bert Dubois came up from the ranch today and stars for Winfield where he will continue his work in the college. Bert made a good record last year. He is a young man from "Turkey" Kansas, were the only two in the classes last year who made grades from 90 to 100 per cent. This good work places them prominently before the college faculty, and their progress and especially young Dubois, will be watched with interest by friends here.

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